

Good Morning 423

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards SHOP TALK

THE Ministry of Information has circulated this story to London newspapers:

A British submarine operating "on the enemy's doorstep" in northern waters, under the command of Lieut. A. J. W. Pitt, D.S.O., R.N., has experienced a series of remarkable adventures, including:

The worst gale the commanding officer has experienced during the war;

An alarming explosion, caused by a mine, which occurred when the submarine was at a considerable depth;

A patrol in which the submarine penetrated farther into enemy territorial waters than any submarine had done for several years, and successfully attacked four large supply ships, one of which was seen to sink, while another was heard breaking up.

"The storm which we encountered caused the submarine to lurch violently just as supper was being served," said Lieut. Pitt. "Most messes lost all their food, and I was thrown across the wardroom."

The "very large explosion" which caused some alarming moments in the submarine occurred overhead when the vessel was proceeding far below the surface.

"The officer of the watch reported that it was as though the hull shuddered inwards twice," said Lieut. Pitt. He found himself doubled up, bending down, as though he had been hit on the back of the head.

"I was resting at the time of the explosion, and never really appreciated its full force. Going into the control room, I found all lights out and the deck covered with shattered glass and corking."



"In the light of an emergency lamp, I could see a thick haze just beginning to settle. All indicators were out of action."

"Probably the most alarming few minutes occurred in the motor room, where large flashes and a considerable amount of smoke came from behind one of the main motor switchboards."

"But when a thorough examination of the boat had been made, it was found that the defects, although many, were not serious."

ON commencing an attack on an escorted convoy, Lieut. Pitt found himself "rather in the deep field," so he took his submarine at full speed, dived for some minutes, caught up the ship he had chosen as the target—a large supply vessel—and fired.



Here's your happy family, Lieut. Pitt.

"When I was able to look through the periscope some time later," continued Lieut. Pitt, "I saw the target stopped, on fire, and with her boats away. Ten minutes later I saw her bows rise high in the water, and five minutes after that nothing remained of her on the surface."

In another attack on a medium-sized supply ship in shallow coastal waters, Lieut. Pitt was forced to take sudden avoiding action, and the submarine hit bottom, coming to rest with her bows up at an angle of 13 degrees.

"And there we had to wait," said Lieut. Pitt, "while hunting craft whizzed above us in a most irresponsible manner, and I went to a rather uncomfortable dinner of two lightly boiled eggs."

It was nearly three hours later when the submarine got clear and made off, "like a scalded cat," for safer waters.

Lieut. Pitt, who was awarded the D.S.O. on May 2, experienced many adventures during the Mediterranean campaign.

He was then in command of H.M.S. "Taku," which earned the reputation of being "the most hunted submarine."

FROM Richmond, I have a host of congratulations for Lieut. John Steadman. Thomas Hogg and his clientele are looking forward to the day when your D.S.O. can be rusted in the "gin palace" and the "Hoggsty," and Shipway without the t with Jack Monk and Barbara and other Trinity Court residents will all be there. Sounds like quite a homecoming for you. Naturally, yours truly is in line with the congratulators and the welcomers.

A LETTER from the P.O.s' Mess, H.M.S. "Maidstone," includes four addresses for us to visit for home stories.

The unknown author complains because to date no stories concerning anyone at that ship have been included.

John Allen
writes about
some 'Knights
of Soccer'

ARTFUL DODGER'S GRIN THRILLED THE CROWD

A TWENTY-STONE goalkeeper, and two fifteen-stone backs—that was the "tonnage" of Sheffield United's defence some years ago. The goalkeeper was Willie "Fatty" Foulke, one of the greatest characters football has ever known.

Big as he was, Foulke carried his weight amazingly well and was as agile as many a smaller man. As for his goalkeeping ability, he has been known to surprise the most cool forward by his habit of saving "dead certs."

Many centre-forwards, when they had shots saved by Foulke, used to change into the goalkeeper, and more than one, as the result of their reckless "barging," found their way into the dressing-room.

They used to bounce off the ever-smiling Willie Foulke, who never moved!

Once, when a forward hurt himself trying to knock over the burly goalkeeper, he picked himself up and, with arms whirling like a windmill, rushed at Foulke shouting blue murder.

Willie Foulke did not say a word, but waited until the forward was on top of him. Then he grabbed the forward and stood him on his head!

When Chelsea F.C. was formed, "Fatty" Foulke, in return for a £50 fee, became the "Pensioner's" first goalkeeper. He weighed 22 stone 2lb. when he entered the Stamford Bridge goal, but he was a great custodian.

In Chelsea's first season he went from the October to the New Year without having a goal scored against him, a record that will possibly stand for ever.

A 20-STONE PUNCH.

I am told, too, that he never had a goal scored against him as the result of a corner-kick. His terrific reach, coupled with his punching powers, made forwards go wary, for if you caught on the jaw a blow delivered by a man who could punch a ball over the half-way line...

I've seen Foulke, with a forward about four yards out, catch a ball with the same skill as a slip-field—with one hand! As for kicking a ball well, he took all Chelsea's free-kicks up to the quarter-way line.

When Willie Foulke, after service with Bradford City, retired from the game, football lost one of its greatest characters. But his fame will live for ever!

At Chelsea they have had many "Knights of Soccer" since their first in Foulke, but to most football fans the greatest of all Chelsea's great

you mean the former, I have advised the local correspondent to get cracking. Thanks for your letter, by the way.

Ron Richards

players was Scottish international forward Andy Wilson.

Andy, when he left Middlesbrough, in return for a fat fee, to take his smile to Chelsea, brought with him a big reputation as Scotland's centre-forward and captain. He added to his laurels, especially when the off-side law was changed, for Andy switched to inside-left, suggested that a fast centre-forward was secured, and played up well to the new man, who scored goals galore.

From 1920 until 1923, Andy Wilson played in all Scotland's representative teams, scored many goals, and proved himself a truly great captain and instigator of moves that brought goals.

He was the brother of David Wilson, the Oldham half-back, and Jim Wilson, who played in Preston North End's forward line. Small, so far as centre-forwards go, he had a far greater disadvantage than his height, but he overcame it so brilliantly that few would have noticed it on the field.

A Territorial, he was called up for service in 1914 and had his left hand smashed at Arras. Since that time he always wore a glove on the crippled hand.

While in "Blighty," recovering from his wounds, Wilson, who was a wonderful billiard player, table tennis expert, and one of the country's finest bowls players, learnt how to play games again with his injured hand strapped to his side.

So well did he play that he was soon the outstanding man in the hospital!

When peace returned to a troubled world, Andy Wilson returned to League football better than he had ever been. On one occasion he slammed five goals past the great Sam Hardy!

ANDY, THE DODGER.

The beauty of Andy Wilson's play, however, was in his "artful" moves that completely beat opposing defences. He would secure the ball, make as if to pass to a comrade, glance up, and the ball would speed to a man standing in an entirely different part of the field!

Known as the "Artful Dodger" among opposing defenders, his great football brain delighted football followers all over the world; and no one enjoyed his football more than Andy. It was a delight to see him smile as he beat opponents; made one feel that he was actually experiencing the thrill of it.

He no longer plays for Chelsea, but lives close to the Stamford Bridge ground, regularly attending all the club's matches. His young son, now developing into a great left-half, is not assisting the club his father helped make famous, preferring to play for Fulham.

Young Andy Wilson the Second is good, but there will only ever be one Andy the First.

Other outstanding forwards wore the Chelsea colours—Hugh Gallacher (famous with Newcastle), Alex Jackson (better known for his Huddersfield days), Alex Cheyne (Scottish international) and wee Jackie Crawford (the England star), all played alongside Andy; but as a Chelsea Knight, Wilson stands head and shoulders above them all.

Footballers who really play football have always been Chelsea's delight. I know they have been a music hall joke at times—their Cup Final appearance this year should end that—but no one can deny the quality of their first-class skill.

One of their greatest stars, a Knight in every sense of the word, was Peter O'Dowd. Despite his name, O'Dowd was an Englishman. Chelsea secured his transfer from Burnley, and his first match, as League team centre-half, was against Everton at Goodison Park.

It so happened that Peter did not have a very good game on his first appearance for the "Pensioners." Dixie Dean, the man he had to mark, scored five goals for Everton.

But Chelsea had faith in O'Dowd, and he was kept in the League team. His reign was not for long, for his style of play did not always fit in with the tactics of modern football, but his glorious displays will live for ever in the memories of those who saw him "in action."

What was it that Peter O'Dowd possessed that made him such a wonderful pivot? The answer is—attack. Unlike the "stopper" centre-half-backs whose sole task is to prevent the opposing forwards from scoring, Peter O'Dowd had the dribbling skill of a crack inside-forward, and the shot of a leader of the attack.

He would go up the field with his forward line, making openings, and "following up" to have a shot himself if the men in the attack did not take the chances he made for them.

Dozens of goals was the result of Peter's hard work, but some considered this meant the full-backs and goalkeeper faced undue risks. So Peter O'Dowd quietly faded from the scene.

Whenever one commences to talk about first-class footballing pivots Peter O'Dowd's name invariably crops up, for he was about the last of the truly great footballers who played at centre-half.

To-day Chelsea's all-winning Cup team have stars of their own, and some loaned by other clubs. Perhaps the best-known is Joe Payne, one of a long-line of Chelsea centre-forwards with a cannon-ball kick.

Joe, who scored ten goals in his first game as Luton's centre-forward—he was a reserve left-half put into the forward line when other forwards were injured—"finishes off" the skillful approach work of others with flashing shots that give opposing goalkeepers no chance.

He has not the skill of Vivian Woodward (who also played for Chelsea), the cuteness of Andy Wilson, but is a "Knight," and an English international for all that. His record of ten goals in one match, on his first appearance as a centre-forward in League football, will take some beating.

ORDERS IS KEEP ON SMILING C.P.O. LEN HOOTON

THIS is a picture we feel sure you will want to keep by you, Chief Petty Officer Leonard Hooton, because when we called on your wife at 38 Richmond Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool 13, one of the first things she said was, "Please tell Ted (Len to us, we take it) that I'm feeling lots better after my illness and I expect to feel my old self soon."

Frank walked in a few days ago. He's having a short holiday in Liverpool before getting back to the old job in Leeds. We hear he was looking very fit—as usual.

"Give Ted all my love and best wishes, and please tell him to keep smiling." Those are the orders from the wife, Len—so bear it in mind!



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Twenty Years of Vice

PART 13

ALL hands were called at day-break. We paid out on the chain by which we swung, hove in on the other, catted the anchor and hove short on the first.

This work was done in shorter time than was usual on board the brig; for though everything was more than twice as large and heavy yet there was plenty of room to move about in, more discipline and system, more men, and more goodwill.

The ship being now under way, the light sails were set, one after another, and she was under full sail before she had passed the sandy point. The fore royal, which fell to my lot (being in the mate's watch), was more than twice as large as that of the *Pilgrim*, and though I could handle the brig's easily, I found my hands full with this.

While on deck the regular work of the ship went on. The night watches were much more pleasant than on board the *Pilgrim*. The sailmaker was the head man of the watch, and was generally considered the most experienced seaman on board.

He was a thoroughbred old man-of-war's-man, had been to sea twenty-two years in all kinds of vessels—men-of-war, privateers, slavers and merchantmen—everything except whalers, which a thorough sailor despises and will always steer clear of if he can. He had, of course, been in all parts of the world, and was remarkable for drawing a long-bow.

His yarns frequently stretched through a watch, and kept all hands awake. They were always amusing from their improbability, and, indeed, he never expected to be believed, but spun them merely for amusement.

Next to him in age and experience, and, of course, in standing in the watch, was an Englishman named Harris. Then came two or three Americans, who had been the common run of European and South American voyages, and one who had been in a "spouter," and, of course, had all the whaling stories to himself.

Last of all was a broad-backed, thick-headed boy from Cape Cod, who had been in mackerel schooners, and was making his first voyage in a square-rigged vessel.

From the moment of letting go the anchor, when the captain ceases his care of things, the chief mate is the great man.

With a voice like a young lion he was hallooing and bawling in all directions, making everything fly, and at the same time doing everything well.

He was quite a contrast to the worthy, quiet, unobtrusive mate of the *Pilgrim*: not so estimable a man, perhaps, but a far better mate of a vessel; and the entire change in Captain T—'s conduct since he took command of the ship was owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to this fact.

Mr. Brown (the mate of the "Alert") wanted no help from anybody; took everything into his own hands; and was more likely to encroach upon the authority of the master than to need any spurring. Captain T— gave his directions to the mate in private, and, except in coming to anchor, getting under way, tacking, reefing topsails, and other "all-hands'-work," seldom appeared in person.

This is the proper state of things; and while this lasts, and there is a good understanding aft, everything will go on well.

THE brig *Catalina* came in from San Diego, and being bound up to windward, we both got under way at the same time, for a trial of speed up to Santa Barbara, a distance of about eighty miles.

We hove up and got under sail about eleven o'clock at night, with a light land-breeze, which died away towards morning, leaving us becalmed only a few miles from our anchoring-place.

The *Catalina* being less than half our size, put out sweeps and got a boat ahead, and pulled out to sea during the night, so that she had the sea-breeze earlier and stronger than we did, and we had the mortification of seeing her standing up the coast with a fine breeze, the sea all ruffled about her, while we were becalmed in-shore.

When the sea-breeze died away she was nearly out of sight; and, toward the latter part of the afternoon, the regular north-west wind set in fresh; we braced sharp upon it, took a pull at every sheet, tack, and halyard, and stood after her in fine style, our ship being very good upon a taut bowline.

We had nearly five hours of fine sailing, beating up to windward, by long stretches in and off shore and evidently gaining upon the "Catalina" at every tack. Fortunately, the wind died away when we were on our inward tack, and she on her outward, so we were in-shore, and caught the land-breeze first, which came off upon our quarter, about the middle of the first watch.

All hands were turned up, and we set all sail, to the skysails and the royal studding-sails; and with these, we glided quietly through the water, leaving the *Catalina* gradually astern, and by daylight were off St. Buenaventura, and our antagonist nearly out of sight.

The sea-breeze, however, favoured her again, while we were becalmed under the headland, and labouring slowly along, she was abreast of us by noon.

Thus we continued, ahead, astern and abreast of one another alternately; now, far out at sea, and again, close in under the shore.

On the third morning we came into the great bay of Santa Bar-

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

bara, two hours behind the brig, and thus lost the bet; though, if the race had been to the point, we should have beaten her by five or six hours.

This, however, settled the relative sailing of the vessels, for it was admitted that although she could gain upon us in very light winds, yet whenever there was breeze enough to set us agoing, we walked away from her like hauling in a line; and in beating

one link wanting. His power of calculation, too, was remarkable.

He carried in his head not only a log-book of the whole voyage, in which everything was complete and accurate, and from which no one ever thought of appealing, but also an accurate registry of all the cargo; knowing precisely where each thing was, and how many hides we took in at every port.

The mate frequently came to him to know the capacity of different parts of the vessel, and he could tell the sailmaker very nearly the amount of canvas he would want for each sail in the ship; for he knew the hoist of every mast, and spread of every sail, on the head and foot, in feet and inches. Calculation of all kinds was his delight. I doubt if he ever forgot anything that he read.



Well, of course, it was a bit of a surprise. The nurse merely said that she was taking our children out in a pram. But she'd omitted to say that the pram was capable of holding twelve children, and that the whole ward often goes out together. Made quite a difference, naturally.

to windward, which is the best trial of a vessel, we had much the advantage of her.

Sunday, October 4th. This was the day of our arrival; and somehow or other, our captain always managed not only to sail, but to come into port, on a Sunday.

The main reason for sailing on the Sabbath is not, as many people suppose, because Sunday is thought a lucky day, but because it is a leisure day.

During six days, the crew are employed upon the cargo and other ship's works, and Sunday being their only day of rest, whatever additional work can be thrown into it is so much gain to the owners.

My watchmate for nine months, and, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man I have ever seen—was Tom Harris.

His memory was perfect; seeming to form a regular chain, reaching from his earliest childhood up to the time I knew him, without

His reasoning powers were remarkable. I have had harder work maintaining an argument with him in a watch, even when I knew myself to be right, and he was only doubting, than I ever had before—not from his obstinacy, but from his acuteness.

With an iron memory, he seemed to have your whole past conversation at command, and if you said a thing now which ill-agreed with something said months before, he was sure to have you on the hip.

He knew every lunar star in both hemispheres, and was a perfect master of his quadrant and sextant.

Such was the man who, at forty, was still a dog before the mast, at twelve dollars a month. The reason of this was to be found in his whole past life, as I had it, at different times, from himself.

He was a native of Ilfracombe, in North Devon.

After leaving home he had spent nearly twenty years sailing upon all sorts of voyages, generally out of the ports of New York and Boston.

Twenty years of vice! Every sin that a sailor knows he had gone

to the bottom of. Several times, from his known capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back into the fore-castle.

One night, in Havana, a young shipmate of his was brought aboard drunk, with a dangerous gash in his head, and his money and new clothes stripped from him.

Harris had seen and been in hundreds of such scenes as these, but in his then state of mind it fixed his determination, and he resolved never to drink another drop of strong drink of any kind. The date of his resolution he knew, of course, to the very hour. The sailors never thought of enticing Tom to take a glass any more than they would of talking to the ship's compass.

Taking together all that I learned from him of seamanship, of the history of sailors' lives, of practical wisdom, and of human

nature under new circumstances, I would not part with the hours I spent in the watch with that man for any given hours of my life passed in study and social intercourse.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A projet is a movie camera, rocket, draft, front tooth, business enterprise?
2. For what book are Charles and Mary Lamb famous?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—When, Where, Before, After, Behind, Ever, Whose.
4. Which is the brightest planet?
5. What is a plumcot?
6. What two wild flowers are said to induce sleep?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Presension, Presentient, Prescience, Pression, Presidium, Prestigial, Prestation.
8. What is the capital of the Philippines?
9. Which is greater, 3/5 of £4, or 4/5 of £3?
10. What colour is veridian?

Answers to Quiz in No. 422

1. Traditional story.
2. His Dictionary.
3. Velvet has a pile; others haven't.
4. Orion.
5. Antananarivo.
6. 8/13 is greater by 1/65.
7. Percipitous.
8. Bagatelle.
9. Diamond shape.
10. Between Land's End and the Scilly Islands.
11. Standard scale of wind velocities.

USELESS EUSTACE



"No! No! Prentergast! We photograph the results of the bomb from here, you dope!"

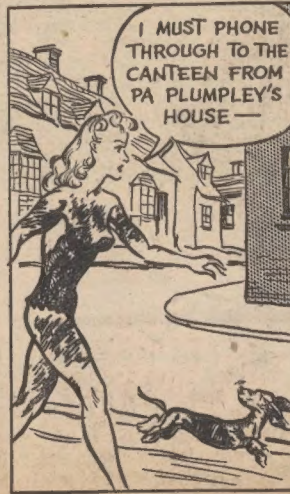
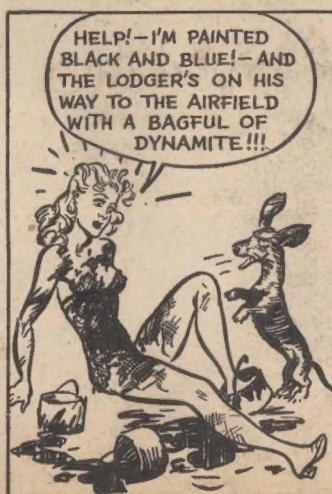
WANGLING WORDS—362

1. Put a title in OIS and make a god.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Saidie ether lli thiw eb thlew ear het flides newh.
3. Mix LADY, add I, and make it every morning.
4. Find the two hidden breeds of dog in: Dear Mama's tiff didn't last long, and I heard her asking Charles to tea.

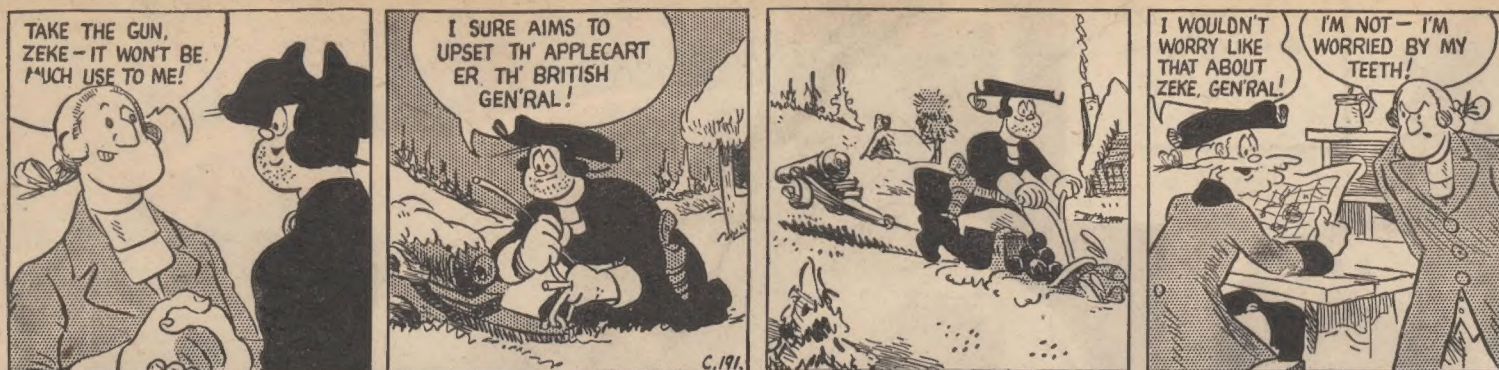
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 361

1. Overset.
2. Who were you with last night?
2. Camel.
4. C-row, W-ren.

JANE



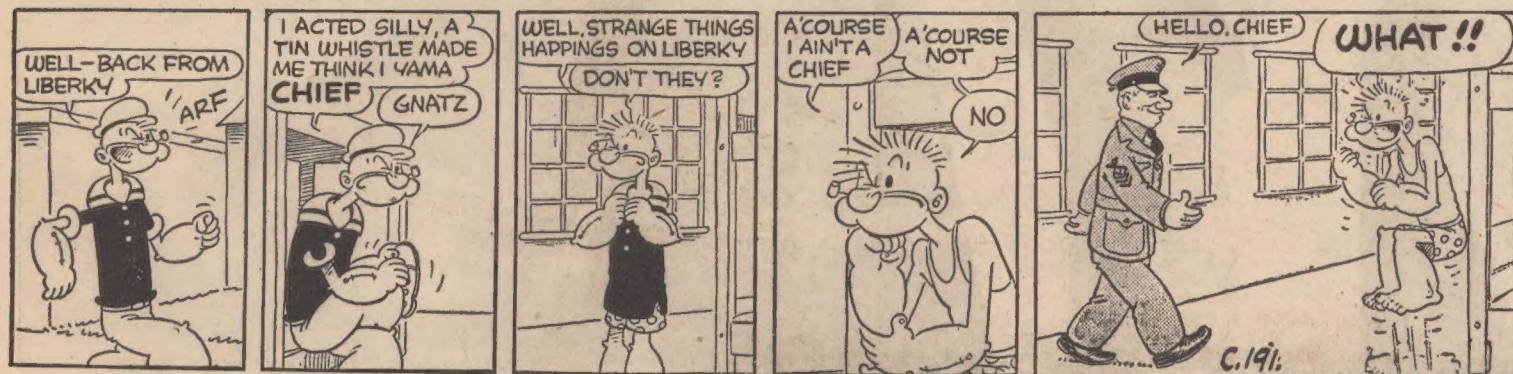
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



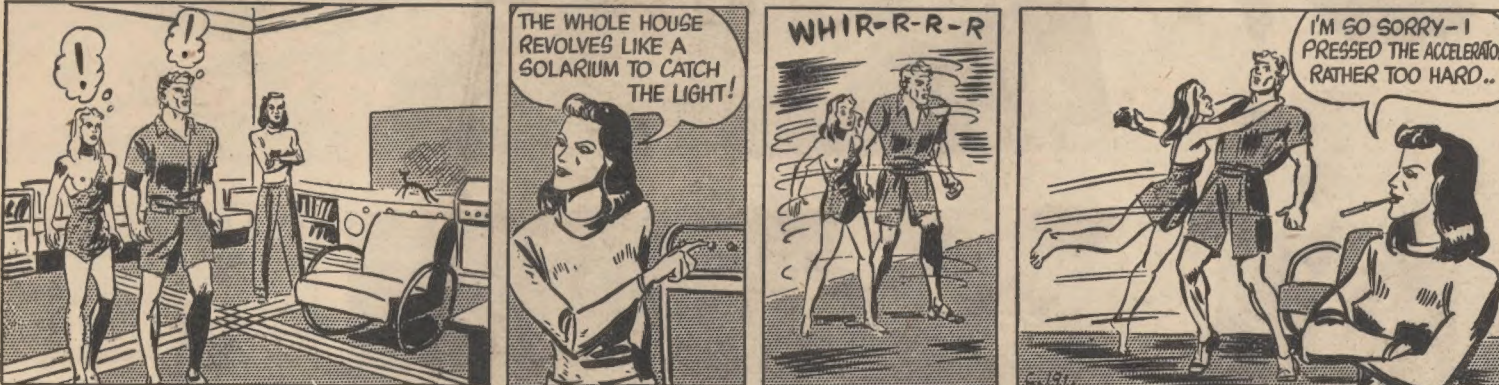
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

GERMAN DEMOCRAT.

THEORETICALLY, the Germans can become imbued with the spirit of democracy, but practically this could happen only after the application of superior power has extracted their teeth and clipped their claws.

F. B. Czarnowski.

ART AND WAR.

VERY little is known about what music does to us, or what our mundane affairs do to the art. Can one separate an art from its practitioners? The war has hit many very hard. Will it arouse man to impassioned creative expression of a philosophy of war and peace? ... One wonders what one may expect after the war. Shall we witness yet another of those common outbreaks of frivolity, typified in the dancing madness, that has arisen after more than one great peril?

W. R. Anderson.

AMERICAN FILMS.

AN inspection of new American films seems to reveal a recurrence of the situation in which film magnates begin to look for sensational new mechanical devices to eke out dwindling stocks of creative imagination. With no miracle comparable with the sound-film waiting round the corner, but, to be anticipated instead, a waning of the present abnormal and indiscriminate demand for any kind of entertainment, the film industry seems to face as serious a slump as any it has yet known.

Edgar Anstey.

FIGHTING AND THINKING.

FAR be it from me to speak ill of the human race; they might not like it, and where should I be then? But I doubt if they have the power of fighting furiously and thinking calmly at the same time. I have noticed that even in the mild heat of a General Election people are not always just to their opponents. ... Wars are breeders of lies and delusions. We do not lie like the Nazis, but we deceive ourselves a good deal and indulge in many foolish dreams.

Professor Gilbert Murray.

DOCTORS AND DISEASE.

THE doctors' part in the cure or prevention of disease is a very small one. Ignorance, squalor, vice, destitution, unemployment, bad housing, insufficient and badly cooked food, insufficient and shoddy clothes, uncleanliness, unhealthy and poorly remunerated work, etc., all need eliminating before the doctor can usefully be called on.

Dr. James Cook.

LEGITIMATE TORTURE!

WAR is hell; and hell is not less hell by reason of a gentleman's agreement as to which instruments of torture are legitimate. For grown-up men solemnly to agree that it is contrary to their civilised code to cut off the nose of a bullet before firing it, but perfectly good form to mangle bodies with any twisted shape of red-hot metal from a disintegrating shell, is so fantastic in its idiocy that one wants to say soothingly, as one backs towards the door: "I know, I know, and the moon is made of green cheese, and you are Julius Caesar."

A. A. Milne.

THE GOOD RESTAURANT.

GETTING to know restaurants is, I think, something like getting to know people. In the first place, I always find that the place which smacks you between both eyes the first time you go there, and seems wonderful, is like the new acquaintances one meets at a fatherly party, who charm you by confiding to your sympathetic ear all their troubles. At first you are captivated and flattered by their attention, but, like the superficially excellent restaurant, it all palls after a while.

T. A. Layton.

THINKING AND DOING.

IN the best periods of any country's civilisation fine thinking and fine doing go hand-in-hand. Naturally, the best men have always been able to express themselves verbally as well as in action; what we should work for is a system which would enable the second-best and third-best to be equally ambidextrous.

Phoebe Fenwick Gaye.

THE CHILD'S MIND.

I WOULD protest against the fashionable, scientific approach to the human child's mind. We take too great a liberty when we let loose our own theories or those of other young psychologists or psychiatric experts on the child as the experimental problem. Undoubtedly, a good psychologist can have his or her place, but I feel the children are being somewhat dangerously exploited—our grandmothers managed to bring up families of sane men and women with the assistance, not of psychologists, but of that most uncommon commodity—common sense.

Margaret H. Cadmore.

Good Morning

★ Queen of Cover Girls as portrayed by Rita Hayworth.

★ Youngest of them all, Cheryl Archer, representing cover girl American magazine "Look."



"Take a rest old pal, you deserve it, and a kiss too."

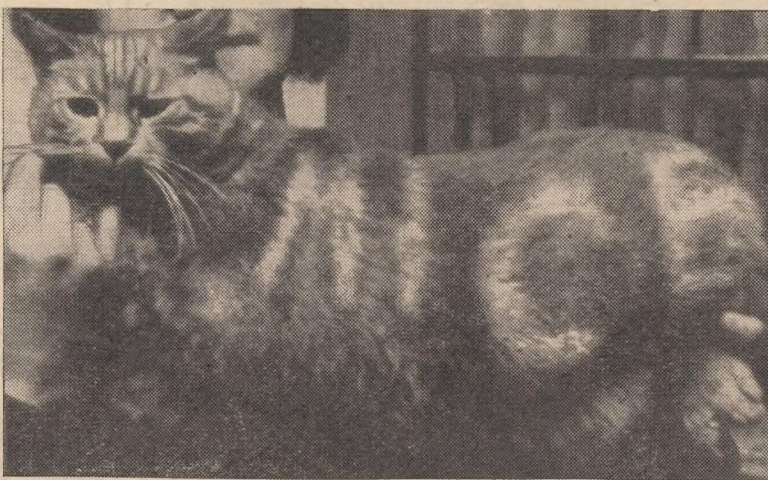


This England

The old packhorse bridge of Watendlath, near Keswick, with the heather-clad slopes of Watendlath Fell, and, in the far distance, Scafell.



The longest shadows of the year as seen during the shortest day of 1943 at Portland, U.S.A.



This cat must have eaten so many mice that his fur has protested, as a warning to other mice. Or maybe he's too lazy to even ask for more.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Serves him right for overeating."